

MARTHA



- JANE

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Nursery Nonsense
by

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MARTHA-JANE

A LITTLE BABY CAME TO TOWN
A LITTLE MAID OF SOME RENOWN.
OUR FANCY WE PUZZLED, ALSO OUR BRAIN
TO FIND FOR HER THIS SUITABLE NAME,

MARTHA-JANE



TWO JOLLY CATS.

TWO LITTLE CATS OF HIGH DEGREE
FULL OF FUN AND JOLLITY
MET ONE TIME ACROSS THE WAY
AND DANCED THE TWO-STEP, ALL THE DAY



NONSENSE

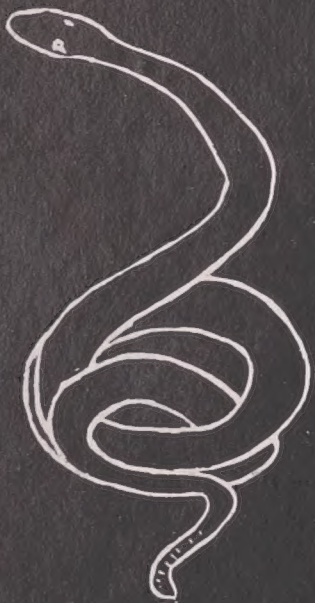
I WANT SOMETHING TO RHYME WITH PIG
I GUESS I'LL TAKE MY GRAND PA'S WIG.
THE TOP OF HIS HEAD IS BALD AS A PLATE
AND THE SOLE OF HIS SHOE IS MADE OF SLATE.



SKIPPITY SKIPPITY-SKEE
OUT GOES SHE
THE ROOSTER CRIED
TO TAKE A RIDE
AND THE LITTLE PIG SAID, "WEE-WEE."



THE RATTLESNAKE GOT SO RATTLED
CAUSE THE WOODPECKER PECKED AT HIS LOG,
HE STARTED TO FIND HIS FATHER
AND BOTH GOT LOST IN THE FOG.



"OHO! OHO! MISS POLLY WIGGLE,
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR"
"WELL, JACK BRYAN, YOU NEEDN'T GIGGLE
I'M GOING TO THE FAIR"



LITTLE MEHITABLE

LITTLE MEHITABLE
SWEET AND FAIR
DARK BLUE EYES
AND GOLDEN HAIR.

"PLEASE MA'AM" AND "THANK YOU"
ALWAYS SAID
AND WENT EARLY
TO HER BED.

THREE SMALL FISH.

THREE LITTLE FISH WHO WOULDN'T OBEY

WENT OUT FOR FUN ONE SUMMER DAY

*THEY MET THREE DOGS OUT ON A LARK
WHO STARTED TO HOWL AND THEN TO BARK*

WHICH SCARED THEM SO, ALAS! ALACK!

THEY RAN SO FAR THEY NEVER CAME BACK.

TICK - TOCK -

*TICK - TOCK
HEAR THE CLOCK
TELLING LITTLE NED*



*TOCK - TICK
HURRY QUICK
PATTER OFF TO BED.*



MARTHA-JANE PAYS A VISIT.

"IS DUDLEY WITHIN?"
SAID MARTHA-JANE,
"I'S TUM TO SEE HIM
PESE DIV HIM MY NAME."



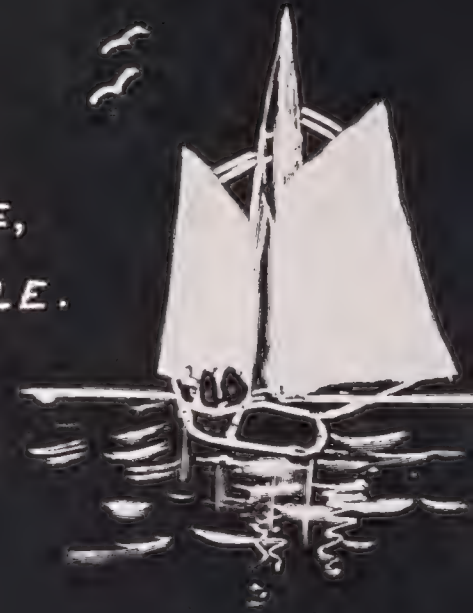
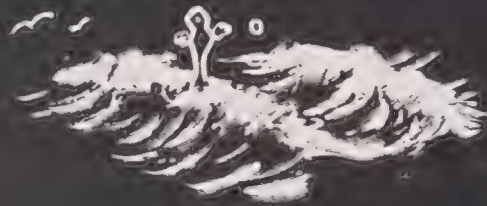
"I LOVE LITTLE GIRLS,
SAID DUDLEY SO FAIR,
"OO HASN'T DOT TURLS,
BUT 'OO MUSTN'T TARE."

"I LOVE LITTLE BOYS
SAID THIS LITTLE MAID,
"OO MAKE LOTS OF NOISE,
BUT I'S NOT AFAID."





A MOSQUITO CRIED FOR A WAFFLE,
TWO FLEAS WENT OUT FOR A SAIL,
A POLLYWOG DANCED ON THE TOP OF A WAVE,
AND WAS FLOPPED BY THE FIN OF A WHALE.



I HAVE A CUP
WITH HANDLES THREE
'TIS THE LOVING-CUP
FOR MOTHER AND ME.



DINAH WANTS A LOOKING-GLASS
POLLY WANTS A FAN,
BESSIE, FRUGAL LITTLE LASS,
TAKES EVERYTHING SHE CAN.

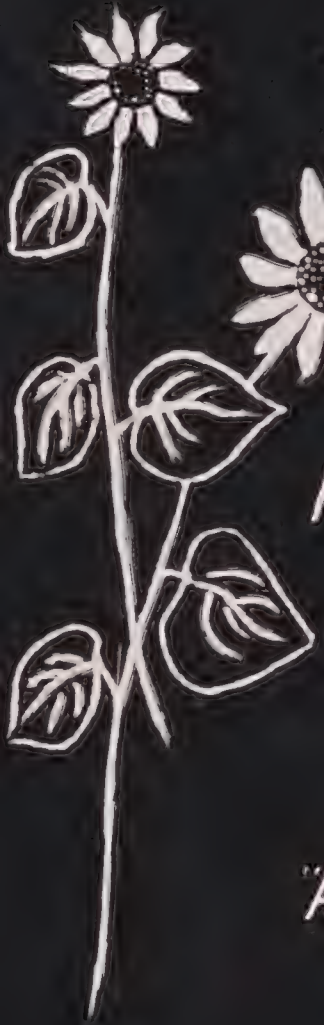
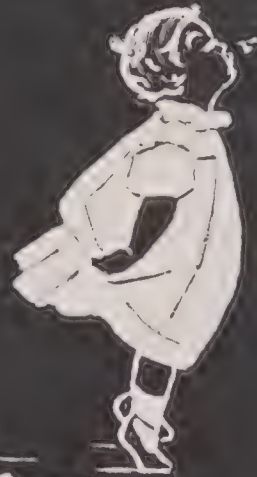


MARTHA-JANE AND MR. BUMBLE BEE.

I DONT LIKE ZAT MISTER BEE,
I FINK HES A DREFFUL BIRD.
WHEN HE DES AST TO TISS ME
DESE ARE ZE WORDS I HEARD.

KIZZY-KIZZ, KIZZY-KIZZ,
ZIZZY-ZIZZ, ZIZZY-ZIZZ
SO I PUT UP MY LIPS
STOOD ON MY TOE-TIPS,

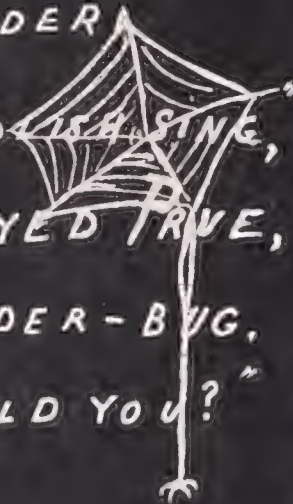
AND ZAT DRETFUL BIRD-BEE
JES FLEW'D STRAIGHT AT ME
I WAS HURTED AND MAD
AT ZAT BEE-BIRD SO BAD!"





PRUE AND THE SPIDER

"I FINK MISS MUFFET A FOOLISH SING,
SAID DEAR LITTLE BLUE-EYED PRUE,
"TO BE SO SCARED OF A SPIDER-BUG,
I WOULDN'T BE FAID, WOULD YOU?"

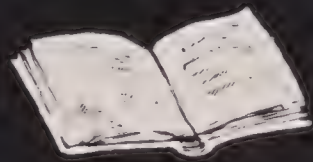


A CELLAR DOOR, A WHITE SUN BONNET
WITH A RIBBON THE COLOR OF BLUE,
A TINY SPIDER SAT UPON IT,
NO SIGN OF A MAID CALLED PRUE.



LITTLE DICK
GREW SO QUICK,
HE TOUCHED THE TOP
OF THE CANDLESTICK.





BABY REIGNS.

FINGER MARKS ON FATHER'S BOOK -

TAFFY ON HIS CHAIR -

ALL THAT FATHER SAID WAS, "LOOK,
BABY PUT THEM THERE."

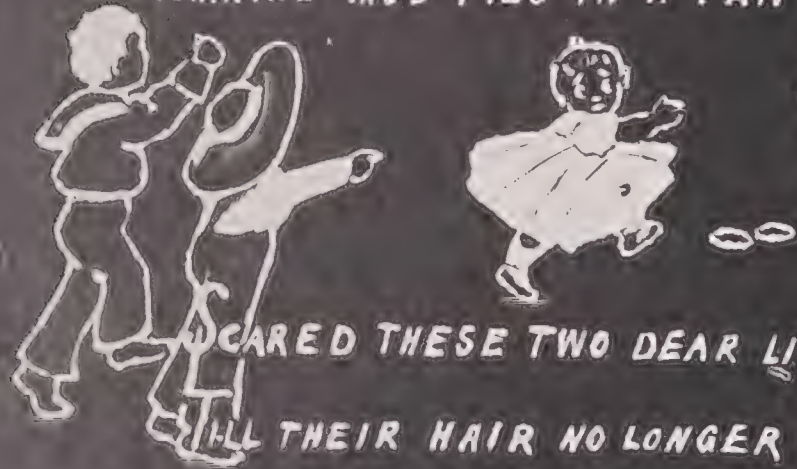
OFTEN FATHER LINGERS,
BABY PULLS HIS HAIR,
KISSES BABY'S FINGERS,
SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE.



MARTHA-JANE AND MARY-ANN.

MARTHA-JANE AND MARY ANN.

MAKING MUD-PIES IN A PAN.



JOHNNY JONES AND TOMMY BROWN

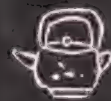
TWO BAD BOYS FROM OUT OF TOWN

WECARED THESE TWO DEAR LITTLE GIRLS
TILL THEIR HAIR NO LONGER CURLS.



A	WITH	DANCED	HE	WITH	AND
PALE	A	WITH	DANCED	A	CRIED
PINK	PALE	JOY	A	WITHERED	"AH!
PIG	PINK	AND	JIG	FIG	LOOK
	WIG	GLEE			AT
					ME."





THE TEA-PARTY.



A CUP OF TEA

FOR YOU AND ME

AND ONE FOR MARTHA-JANE

A BUN FOR EACH

AND THEN A PEACH

WE ALL WILL HAVE A PAIN.

BUT DR. SPRATT

WILL SOON CURE THAT

WITH SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

HE'S VERY NICE

AND IN A TRICE

CAN CURE THE WORST





THE COLIC CUP.

I'S GOT A CUP
AND IT'S MADE OF TIN.
IT'S GOOD FOR CATNIP
AND ALSO FOR GIN

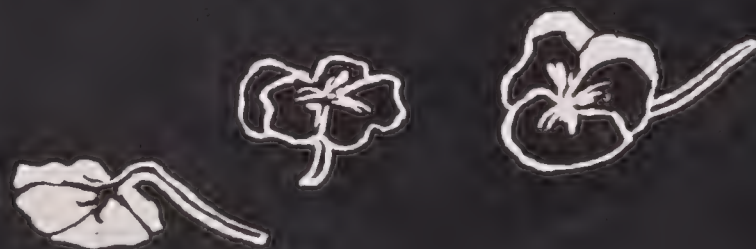
WITH PLENTY OF SUGAR
AND SOMETIMES SPICE
MY DEAR OLD TINCUP
MAKES ALL THINGS NICE



THE COMPANY CUP.

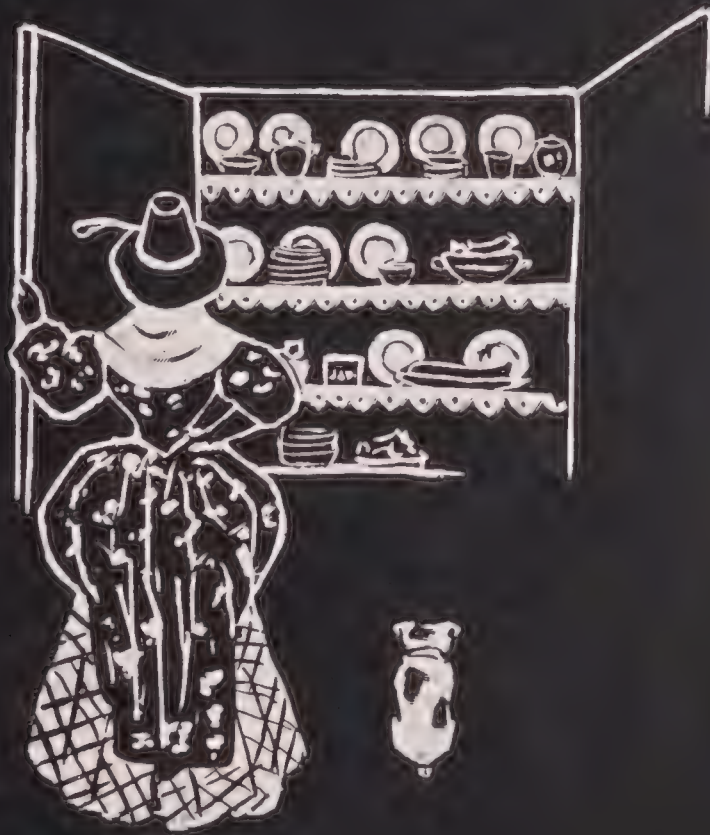
I'S GOT A CUP
AND IT'S MADE OF GOLD
MY PAPA BOUGHT IT
WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE SOLD.

ON SUNDAY AND DAYS
WHEN I'M DRESSED IN SILK
MAMA LETS ME USE IT
ALL FILLED WITH GOOD MILK.



Gossip.

THE LADY-BUG TOLD THE LILY,
SHE HEARD THE HONEY-BEE SAY,
SIR FOXGLOVE AND DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED IN MAY.



IF OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAD LOOKED IN MY CUPBOARD,
TO FIND HER POOR DOG SOME MEAT,
SHE WOULD FIND PRETTY DISHES,
WITH GOOD BONES AND FISHES
A-PLenty FOR DOG TRAY TO EAT.





WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARY?
 SHE'S UGLY AND CONTRARY.
 HER DRESS SHE TWIRLS,
 HER LIP SHE CURLS,
 SHE'S MAD AT ELIZABETH GAREY.

NOW I WONDER WHO I AM
 GRANDPA CALLS ME SAUCY SAM,
 MOTHER CALLS ME PRECIOUS TREASURE,
 FATHER'S LOVE YOU CANNOT MEASURE,
 AND I HEARD HIM GIVE THE NAME
 TO DOCTOR HAINES AS MARTHA-JANE.





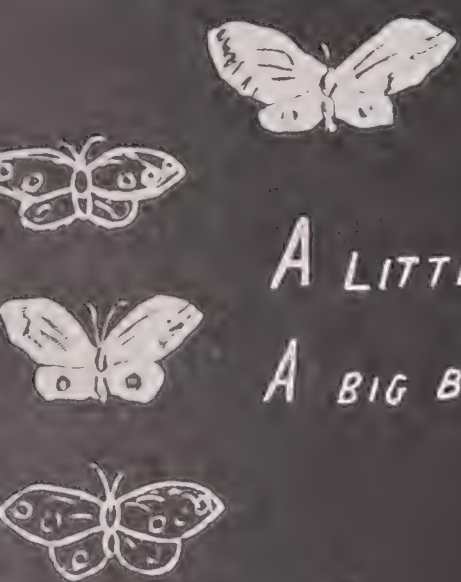
THE PUG-DOG.



A PUG-DOG SAT HIM DOWN TO THINK
HIS COAT WAS LIKE THE SNOW
HE THOUGHT HE'D DRINK A BOTTLE OF INK
TO MAKE BIG BLACK SPOTS GROW.

A BOTTLE OF JET BLACK INK HE DRANK
HIS COAT WAS LIKE THE CROW
HE WINKED HIS EYE A TERRIBLE WANK
TO SEE THE BLACK SPOTS GROW.

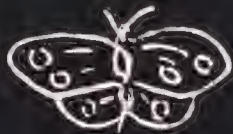




A LITTLE BOY CRYING

A BIG BUG BIT HIS EARS.

A LIVELY LOBSTER FRYING
IN A SKILLET FULL OF TEARS



A PICTURE ON A PITCHER

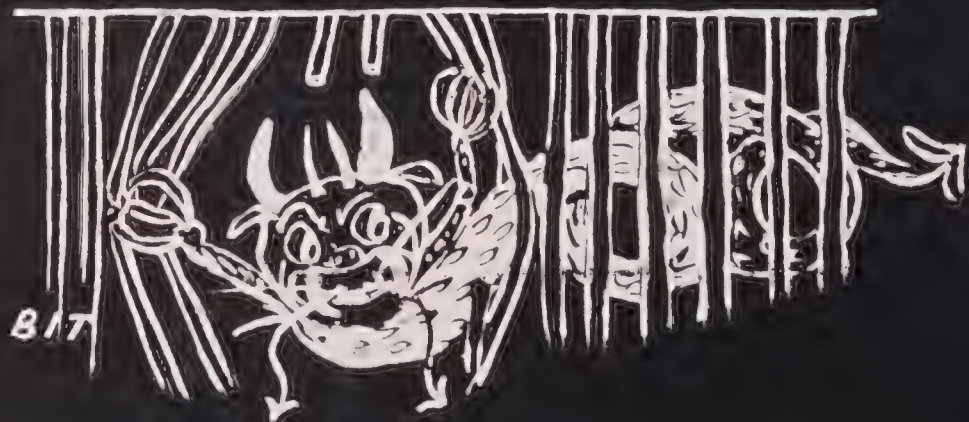
A FAT BOY ON A WHALE

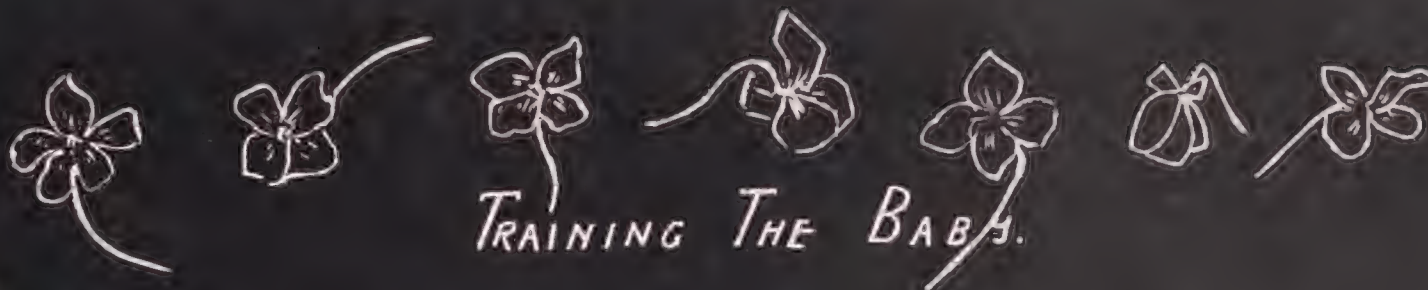
A BUTTERFLY IS WATCHING

A MOSQUITO ON HIS TAIL.



THE FEASTIE FELL IN A FURIOUS FIT
AND GNASHED HIS TEETH WITH RAGE
HE CLAWED AND CHEWED AND FOUGHT AND BIT
AND BROKE THE SIDES OF HIS CAGE.

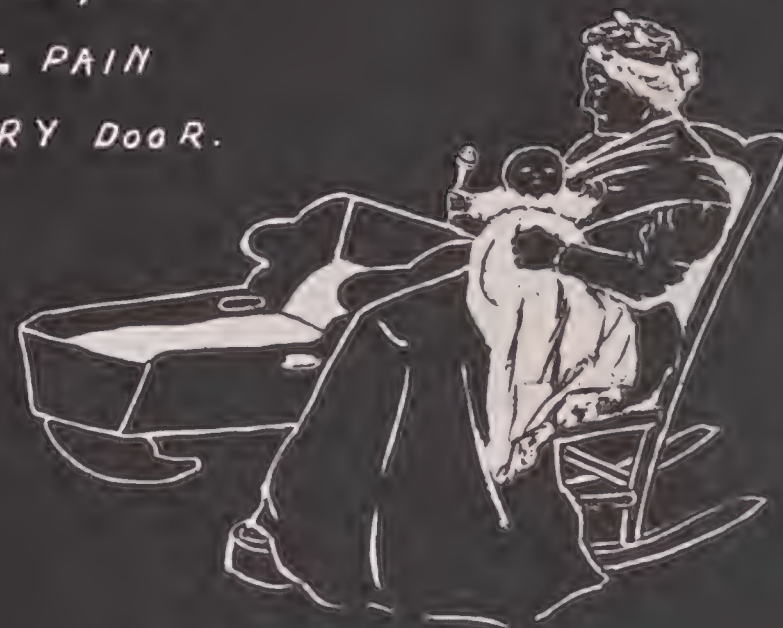




TRAINING THE BABY.

GRANDMOTHER SAID!

Now, MARTHA-JANE
YOUR THREE MONTHS REIGN IS O'ER
AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, NO COLIC PAIN
MUST ENTER THE NURSERY DOOR.



INTO YOUR CRIB WITH GOODNIGHT KISS.
WE'LL TUCK YOU SNUG AND WARM.
YOU'LL CRY - AND MOTHER'S ROCKING MISS.
BUT THAT WILL DO NO HARM.



THE BOTTLE OF GLUE
SAID
"I
LOVE
YOU."



OH! COME TO MY HEART.
WE
NEVER
WILL
PART.

TO THE BOTTLE OF JET BLACK INK.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE HAPPY, I THINK."

LITTLE TOM DINGLE
AND BIG JIM CROW
WENT TO TOWN
TO SEE THE SHOW.

JIM WAS SO BIG
AND TOM WAS SO SMALL
HE GOT BEHIND JIM
AND SAW NOTHING AT ALL.





TEN LITTLE MAIDS STANDING IN A LINE

ONE FELL DOWN AND THEN THERE WERE NINE



NINE LITTLE MAIDS AWAITING THEIR FATE

ONE GOT MARRIED AND THEN THERE WERE EIGHT

EIGHT LITTLE MAIDS AND THREE MAKE ELEVEN
TAKE FOUR AWAY AND THEN THERE ARE SEVEN



SEVEN LITTLE MAIDS PLAYING FUNNY TRICKS

ONE GOT SCARED AND THEN THERE WERE SIX

SIX LITTLE MAIDS STANDING 'ROUND A HIVE
A BEE STUNG ONE AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE



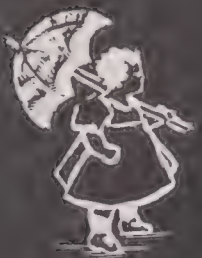


FIVE LITTLE MAIDS ON A CELLAR DOOR.
ONE SLID DOWN AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR.



FOUR LITTLE MAIDS PLAYING "LADY-COME-TO-SEE",
ONE FELL ASLEEP AND THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS SAYING, "HOW-D'YE-DO."
ONE SAID, "GOOD-AFTERNOON," AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.



TWO LITTLE MAIDS SITTING IN THE SUN
ONE GOT HER PARASOL AND THEN THERE WAS ONE

ONE LITTLE MAID COULD HAVE NO FUN
SHE WENT HOME AND THEN THERE WAS NONE.



DOOD-BYE 'ITTLE CHILDEN

I'S DOIN' TO BED,

FOR SANTA IS TUMIN'

AND MY MAMA SAID,

ZAT ALL 'ITTLE DIRLS

AND ALL 'ITTLE BOYS.

WHO'S ASKED DEAR OLD SANTA,

FOR LOTS OF FINE TOYS

MUST DO TO BED EARLY

AND SHUT DEIR EYES TIGHT

SO IF YOU'LL PLEASE 'SCUSE ME

I'LL TELL YOU DOOD-NIGHT.





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